

THE LONG AGO AND THE LATER ON

An Experience of Eighty Years of Life

By George Tisdale Bromley

CHAPTER XXI (Continued.)

Our Antidote.
While holding one of his levees
Said Satan to his deputies:
"How comes it, though, from every
town
A goodly number you send down,
But very few we have of late
From Fricco put upon the grate,
And yet, their churchmen say: 'Be-
gotten'
It's worse than Sodom and Gomorrah!"

"What alas the city by the sea?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?"
Awe-stricken silence was prevailing,
Till one black devil leaped forth quailing:

"Great Master, though thy wrath I
risk, oh,
I am the chap from San Francisco.
It's not that I my praise would sing,
But ne'er we had a better thing.

"Until some thirty years, or later,
There came to town a navigator,
Wise as they make them in the Hub—
And founded the Bohemian Club.

"He was so genial, so so jolly,
From New Year's to the Feast of
Folly,
He speaks to saints, he speaks to
sinners,
He even speaks at artists' dinners!

"His cheer is taking, like the Gipper,
A kind word always on his lip,
Amusing wit, gall not a mince,
No spiteful thought, it is not in him.

"The weaving spiders come not near,
His laugh cremates the dullest care,
This is the reason, Master, why
Those Frisco people fight you shy."

"Is that the case," old Satan cries,
"I'd like to see him. Bless my eyes,
If he were here, I know it well,
All folk from heaven would go to hell."

"Bring him to me—and quickly too!
Or thou thy treason soon shall rue."
Just then an angel who was sent
To gather tears shed in repent.

Flew by, and knowing who was meant,
Spoke softly: "T'would be time ill-
spent—
For him whom you would like to meet.
We have reserved a front aisle seat.

But scores of years will pass by
Till that seat he will occupy,
For he's a mission to fulfill,
Bring mirth to mankind, and good
will.

"To cheer the old and warm their heart,
And teach the young the noble art,
So you may many a trap yet forge,
You'll never cheat our Uncle George."
—Dr. Julius Rosenstrin.

(By Telegraph.)
Some five and twenty years have fled
Since first we pledged together,
Our hearts are gray, our noses red,
Our hearts light as a feather.

Three score, a decade and a five,
Such years to but a few come,
Half a century a greeting sends
To Bromley, from Newcomb.
Albany, N. Y. (The Capitol.)

May all the winds from South and East,
From North and our own West,
Play kindly on thy gentle head,
The gentlest and the best!
The frost of age may touch thy locks,
But in this brimming bowl
We share the years can never change
Thy youthful, buoyant soul.
—Dan O'Connell.

The Good Ship "Uncle George."
Launched April 14, 1885,
Many moons have waxed and waned
On many an Easter morn,
And wint'ers' frosts chained lake and
stream since Uncle George was born,
And many a row of its oars has
shed upon the parent earth.

And many a bird its carol trilled
Of love and of the North Star,
And many a king have died, and new kings
reigned, and all the passing show
Of human life, glided by in varied
gloom and glow.

The rock that crowns that mountain
crest, and looks down on the sea,
The forest tree that towers aloft,
defiant of the gale,
The mighty sea that ebbs and flows,
and frets its iron coast,
To whom the rolling centuries are but
an hour at most,
All withstanding the tyrant change
of the boldest and the best,
Are typical of our old friend, Bohe-
mia's Priest and Guest.

What, though the hand of Time has
touched those locks once glossy
brown,
T'was but to place upon his brow
a shining silver crown;
And though the voice he not as clear
as when at sea, his dog-wool
The tale of "Shinbone Alley" still is
musically told,
The loves of Sally and of Jack upon
the pillows' foam,
And how the good ship went in stays,
and how "The Cows Come Home."

That staunch craft, "Uncle George,"
has age as luffed to the freshening
breeze,
And o'er its bows in gleeful love
have climbed the laughing seas,
The "Uncle George" with all sail set,
and bowlines all hauled taut,
And weather leaches quivering,
has never gone about,
But with sheets af, and tacks
boused down, its cargo, love and mirth,
Has pointed to the Port of Right,
as needle points the North Star,
And when it backed its foresail,
with the jib across the deck,
T'was but to take some friend aboard
from Sorrows' sinking wreck,
And greet him at the gangway,
and bid him welcome aft,
And make him welcome in the mirth
that filled that Joyous Craft.

When heaven frowned and winds
blew fierce and tore at shroud and
sail,
The "Uncle George" has bounded on,
defiant of the gale,
Let timid sailors furl and reef and
to the mad waves lie,
The "Uncle George" skipper shouts:
"Lad, keep her full and by."
Let other vessels square away,
and for smug harbor run,
The "Uncle George" has kept her
course until the gale was done,
And when the bell its dog-watch
told, the skipper heaved the log,
Sounded the pumps, the royals set,
and piped all hands to grog,
And saw the breakers on his lee
fade slowly out of view,
And boldly bid the steersman then
to "luff a point or two."

Long may that vessel staunch
endeavor to ride life's stormy seas,
Before the Port of Joy and Song,
behind the favoring breeze,
Her pennant streaming high aloft,
and sound her ringing gong,
Her timbers knowing not decay,
and good for many a year,
Her anchor chain its links our hearts,
was fashioned at the forge
Of Love and Friendship, strong to
moor the good craft "Uncle George."
—Daniel O'Connell.

Easter Sunday, 1885.
(Read at the Lamb's Club dinner,
given to me when I visited New York,
in 1895.)
Bohemia, Bohemia.

What magic draws us there,
We love her mountain tops of joy,
Her valleys of despair,
Mad mistress of a million lives
What conquests she can boast
Even while many a shattered bark
Lies wrecked upon her coast.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
Sends now a new delight,
Her Patriarch from the Golden Gate
Breaks bread with us tonight.
In touch with those Bohemians there
Who eagerly await
A toast from us of '85
To him of '73.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
So little understood,
What tales your brave ambassador
Could tell us if he would,
Of wine and wit, and wisdom, too—
The kind that never cloy—
See his initials—G. T. B.—
Their meaning, "Good Time, Boys."

Bohemia, Bohemia,
The Club that bears your name
Stands in the line of fellowship
Far up in the ranks of Fame.
With hand of brotherhood outstretched
In honest scorn of shame—
It's given refuge in the past
To many wandering Lambs.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
We pray you'll allow
Our quest to reach the Century mark
As hale as he is now.
So here's to you, Uncle George,
And might he, night and day,
Feel the warm pressure of our hands
Three thousand miles away.
—Edward E. Kidder.
New York, Sept. 22, 1885.

(80th Birthday Poem.)
Here, with good cheer and humor, Bohe-
mia's feast is spread,
In honor of its hale High Priest, its
energetic head;
And, with old song and story, wan-
care left behind,
To celebrate the age of one who gentle
is, and kind.

There others are, dear Uncle George,
who know far more than you,
And what is worse, they will insist on
telling of it, too;
Still others yet have far more gold
than you, and a thousand to that,
But never one that helped others more,
so gentle and so kind.

Long years ago, in boyhood's days, a
fond-remembered past,
You ate your hash and smoked your
pipe, and I sat by your side,
The shellbacks crowded around you,
and swore 'till they were blind;
Yet you "chawed on" and puffed in
peace, so gentle and so kind.

And when the choo-choo cars ran first
to Sacramento town,
You navigated the train, first up
the track, then down;
If passengers spat on the floor, or
tried some fault to find,
You helped them find it, if you could,
so gentle and so kind.

Then you became a Boniface, and ran
a real hotel,
And like fabled Ripley, you managed
it quite well;
When guests skipped out with bills
unpaid, you did not seem to mind,
You let them slip and took a drink—
so gentle and so kind.

In all the walks of life, sweet soul,
In sunshine and in shadow,
You never yet have failed to cheer
the friends that you have made;
Long may you live! Long may you
beam! You're taught, and we're re-
signed,
To toil and struggle and to be more
gentle and more kind.
—W. G. Stafford.

Instant in the lives of the trees them-
selves. Out of the myriad of happen-
ings of these years of friendship be-
tween us three, I have become a little
jealous, and do you know of what?—
of the closer union between the other
two, yourself and the trees. They have
given to you of their ruggedness,
their grandeur and benignity, and you
have permeated them with the gen-
iality and sweetness of your nature.
Ah! dear Uncle George, I have one
great consolation. It is impossible
for this union to be broken. The cen-
turies may pass like a marching host,
but so long as the trees remain there
you shall be always to me my mortal,
immortal and imperishable friend and
to Bohemia, the great emblem of her
genius and her strength.
—Joe Redding.

My Dear Uncle George:
They say that time and tide wait for
none, it may have silvered your gray
locks, but it has not dimmed your
eyes nor aged your young heart, which
far up in the ranks of Fame
You count me in; and may your
birthdays come thick and fast as the
years go flying by, and you remain
with us until we all go together.
—(Julian Rix.)

Dear Uncle George:
Do you remember me?
I shall never forget
You. And my name is
—Stuart Robson.

When you've brought the cattle home,
when you've sung "Weigh O!
My Bully"
And the wine-cup circulates around
the feast,
Just turn your thoughts a moment,
just a moment, if you please,
To us "absent-bodied beggars" in
the East.

Tho' we wandered from the owl's
wing, and strayed so far afield,
In spirit we are "wid you" just the
same.
May the good Lord always love you
and not call you too soon.
Uncle George, the first and best of
all, and what is worse, they will insist on
telling of it, too;
Still others yet have far more gold
than you, and a thousand to that,
But never one that helped others more,
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You never yet have failed to cheer
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Long may you live! Long may you
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To toil and struggle and to be more
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—W. G. Stafford.

(A "Round Robin" from the Lamb's
Club, New York.)
Dear Uncle George:
I am sending you some yards of af-
fection. Some of the feet may limp
a little, but Love has been blind.
And many a king have died, and new kings
reigned, and all the passing show
Of human life, glided by in varied
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The rock that crowns that mountain
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The forest tree that towers aloft,
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And when it backed its foresail,
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And greet him at the gangway,
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And make him welcome in the mirth
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Of Love and Friendship, strong to
moor the good craft "Uncle George."
—Daniel O'Connell.

Easter Sunday, 1885.
(Read at the Lamb's Club dinner,
given to me when I visited New York,
in 1895.)
Bohemia, Bohemia.

What magic draws us there,
We love her mountain tops of joy,
Her valleys of despair,
Mad mistress of a million lives
What conquests she can boast
Even while many a shattered bark
Lies wrecked upon her coast.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
Sends now a new delight,
Her Patriarch from the Golden Gate
Breaks bread with us tonight.
In touch with those Bohemians there
Who eagerly await
A toast from us of '85
To him of '73.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
So little understood,
What tales your brave ambassador
Could tell us if he would,
Of wine and wit, and wisdom, too—
The kind that never cloy—
See his initials—G. T. B.—
Their meaning, "Good Time, Boys."

Bohemia, Bohemia,
The Club that bears your name
Stands in the line of fellowship
Far up in the ranks of Fame.
With hand of brotherhood outstretched
In honest scorn of shame—
It's given refuge in the past
To many wandering Lambs.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
We pray you'll allow
Our quest to reach the Century mark
As hale as he is now.
So here's to you, Uncle George,
And might he, night and day,
Feel the warm pressure of our hands
Three thousand miles away.
—Edward E. Kidder.
New York, Sept. 22, 1885.

(80th Birthday Poem.)
Here, with good cheer and humor, Bohe-
mia's feast is spread,
In honor of its hale High Priest, its
energetic head;
And, with old song and story, wan-
care left behind,
To celebrate the age of one who gentle
is, and kind.

There others are, dear Uncle George,
who know far more than you,
And what is worse, they will insist on
telling of it, too;
Still others yet have far more gold
than you, and a thousand to that,
But never one that helped others more,
so gentle and so kind.

Long years ago, in boyhood's days, a
fond-remembered past,
You ate your hash and smoked your
pipe, and I sat by your side,
The shellbacks crowded around you,
and swore 'till they were blind;
Yet you "chawed on" and puffed in
peace, so gentle and so kind.

And when the choo-choo cars ran first
to Sacramento town,
You navigated the train, first up
the track, then down;
If passengers spat on the floor, or
tried some fault to find,
You helped them find it, if you could,
so gentle and so kind.

Then you became a Boniface, and ran
a real hotel,
And like fabled Ripley, you managed
it quite well;
When guests skipped out with bills
unpaid, you did not seem to mind,
You let them slip and took a drink—
so gentle and so kind.